How She Lives, Looks, and Makes Herself Useful.

A CLEVER PUBLIC SERVANT

WATCHING FOR SMUGGLERS.

AN INTERESTING DAY WITH UNCLE SAM'S SMART WOMEN INSPECTORS.

They Can Spot a Woman with a Buetle dade of Duttable Goods-How They Be the Work-Not Easy Employment, But They Bon't Complain-Life in the Barge Office-- The Rich Women Make the Most Fuss-The Trunks of the French Women are Very Daintly Packed-Scenes on the Wharves When the Baggage is Opened Pentests that Avail Nothing.

In the early hush of Sunday mornin g when the last faint stars are yet shivering and, paling in the coming dawn, when the roar of the busiest thoroughfares is hushed and the silent streets are deserted, a young and pretty woman unbolts the doors and lets herself out of an notion, skims along the empty street, slips and hurriedly swallows a cup of hot coffee and ing up the steps of the elevated station. Not a woman's face greets her as she flutters into the car, where men, weary with night watches ble attitudes, and with more or less sonorous accompaniment of sound, while those equipped for the day's work before them eye her curithe ferry is reached, and she is up and away again, and is lost in the angle of the large grantte building that fronts Battery Park.

An iron gate opening into a stone passage is tled with a piece of rope, at which she tugs, impatiently sputtering something to the effect that with all the much talked-of surplus in the Treasury they might afford a latch. She succeeds in untying the knot at last, trips up the stone steps and signs her name in the inspector's big book before the chimes of Trinity have rung the hour of seven. Then she and a score more of busy, brisk, energetic, bright-faced women, who have crossed the ferries or have oarded the trains in all parts of the city from Harlem to the Battery, eaten their breakfasts wherever they could get them, or gone without them altogether, as the case may be, troop on to a little revenue cutter alongside the Barge Office wharf, chatting as cheerily and merrily as if life were all sunshine and six-o'clock breakfasts were festivals of hilarity. There drawn back under close trim bonnets. warm, glowing lips; earnest-faced women in bre raiment; plenty of perennial girls, the kind that have been girls for a long time, and please, and are as sweet and spicy and wholene as clove pinks; short girls and tall girls, and all kinds of girls except cross girls, brimful of business and good nature and good sense, all steaming away up the river to the wharver where the big black-hulled ocean vessels are rounding into their slips. The long, dark wharf of the English steamship company is cold and dirty and dreary enough as they trip down the plank from the cutter just as the sun kisses Liberty's face down the bay, but no complaints are made. They whisk out novels and newspapers from their pockets as they wait for the ship to land her passengers, read and comment on the morning's news, discuss the last plays and the last fashions as though they with dark eyes and rebellious brown hair down to keep warm, explaining to the writer

'This," she said, as she passed the gang "is where every one comes scuttling down to be kissed, and this is the slide where Sometimes they aren't smashed, but that is pure accident, you know. This is the office where the men take in a great lot of money, and all the goods they dare selze, and never, never give them over to the inspector"—the lat-ter clause in a tone sufficiently loud to be over-Those men in the bine coats and caps pull the things all out of the men's trunks, and tumble over the baggage of women who are traveiling with an escort. It is only the baggage of unprotected women that falls under our tender mercies."

"Do you think men search the trunks more

with an escort. It is only the baggage of unprotected women that falls under our tender mercies."

"Do you think men search the trunks more thoroughly than the women do?"

"That, depends. Some men do, but some women are meaner than men would dare to be.

"That man in the silk hat is our appraiser, and the man near him is a seedal officer. Want to know what his special work is? Well, it's to watch us to see that we don't take any tips—nice, isn't it?

"That man flying on to the ship has the declarations. He makes each passenger swerr as to the number of trunks, &c., he has, and if he has any dutiable goods. Then when he gets his baggage all together he presents his declaration, and an inspector takes it, searches his goods, and sticks on each piece that is all right a pink ticket having the passengers name and the inspector's, with the name of the ship and the date. If goods are found, the appraiser is called to give the amount of duty due, Now, see, there they,come," as the first rush of passengers for the gate is made. "They think they're going right out, but look."

A line of blue-coated men suddenly stretched out across the passenge, barring the way. Some of the inspectresses walked around among the passengers, with their bright eyes carefully noticing every detail of dress and every suspicious peculiarity of carriage, while the rest stood in a little group at the deak, headed by a decided but courteous lady, with white hair combed up smoothly under a brown bonnet from a shrew if ace, which well might strike terror to the heart of the smuggler. There was hurried running to and fro, a banging of baggage, a clatter of trucks, a bediam of voices, a confusion of many tongues, a snarif of distracted women flying about with crooked bonnets, dishevelled tresses, and anxious faces, with a bright red spot on either cheek, the grim, silent, steady line of officials and the little group of waiting, watching women.

A breathless little woman rushes up with her declaration and presents it.

"Haye you all of your baggage

"All but one trunk and a valise and a box and a "Get it all together. We can't do anything for you until then."

A worried anxious woman, with two daughters, and a decrepit, maudlin old party whom she calls papa, secures the services of the pretty girl with the silver comb. She is all grace and aunahine and courtesy, but the one ungloved hand, sonsitive by ionn practice, unearths and brings to light the most carofully packed treasures.

"Oh, that is only so and so, and this is only a little present for my sister, and that box is only a little piece of porcelain," explains the woman.

Oh. that is only so and so, and this is only a little piece of porceiain." explains the wonan.

"Yes, I understand." says the girl, sweetly, as the long slender fingers burrow down deerer into the corners, tear open packages, and uncover boxes just the same in the face of the woman's explanations. Nothing is said concerning what she finds, and the woman breathes easier, and begins putting in her trays again.

"Wait just a minute please," said the girl, with a smile, and she glidos away, only to return with the much-dreaded appraiser, and first she knows, without any taking or fuss, the woman flads out she has a sung little bill to pay, and sapa is called and taken in tow by the pretty girl, spirited off down to the office, smiled unon and taked to so sweetly that he pays it all without grumbling, and is willing to be taken somewhere else to pay another bill if that same smile brightens the journey. By this time, all over the crowded wharf, trunks and boxes are open, their contents being ruthlessly examined by men and women alike.

One unfortunate woman's possessions are being tossed over by a big giant of a fellow who suddenly pounces unon a mysterious round parcel. wrapped up in an old stocking leg. A woman would have known instinctively the woman's trick of wrapping up face powder in the old stocking, with which she applies it to her face. He sees her confused binshes, hears found a prize. He tears off the stocking, a shower of powder dusts over his spotless uniform and files into his face, filling nose and eyes as well. He feels better as he hands it back to be done ap again, and a mischievous inspectress smiles wickedly and whispers a soit "Ah there," as she hurries past.

A big portly woman is taken down the wharf by a trim, alender girl, quiet and gracious. The

WOMAN ONLY.

big woman tosses down her keys, waves her hand majoritely at the girl, and says loftliy.

"There is my baggage."

"Yes." answers the girl firmly; "but will you blease unlock your trunks "

"There are the keys, I tell you." shouts the

please unlook your trunks?"

There are the keys, I tell you," shouts the woman.

"I understand: but unlook your trunks," answers the girl quietly, as her sweet face grows shrewd and her bright eyes share and anxious. The woman bends laboriously and awkwardly to her task, the girl watching narrowly, and before the lids are lifted the big woman is suffited away, protesting and exclaiming, to be relieved of two or three pairs of ourtains and a dress or two of slik fastened around her waist under her dress.

A black-eyed woman, with a bright, happy face, is bending over a trunk, turning up the hems of dresses to give them a casusi glance, apparently going through a mere form of examination. Suddenly the peculiar alert expectancy liashes into her eyes. Down in the darkness of the trunk the small, educated hand has detected something suspicious. In soite of the weman's protests and declarations, that "It is only my own wardrobe, and I don't know what right you've got to buil my things all out like that. Ac, the parcel comes slowly to light, all pinned up in towels. It is only a cloth dress, all made after all, and the woman snaris, "I told you there wasn't any there." But the quick, delt fingers are pulling the folds apart, breaking a stitch here, taking out a pin there, and the dress proves to be made of enough unout, expensive cich to make two dresses, and its counterpart is found in the next tray, concealed in the same ingenious manner.

Well, girls, we'll have a chance to buy some

next tray, concealed in the same ingenious manner.

"Well, girls, we'll have a chance to buy some dresses cheap,"the jolly inspectress announces as she comes back from her conflict with the angry woman.

"How did you know there was anything wrong in that trunk? You couldn't see it."

"No, but I could feel it, which is a thousand times better. Somehow, after you've been in this business a while your hand gets sensitive and it tells so quick when anything is wrong. Why, I can tell a package of gloves in the bottom of the deepest, darkest trunk you ever saw, and when they turn outto be all sizes from five to seven you can make up your mind they are not all for the same person. We can tell so much by a person's appearance and by the character of their baggage whether to make a strict search or not."

strict search or not."

"How do you determine whether a woman is concealing goods on her person?"

"In the same way—by her appearance and by her walk; and one of the best tests is to make them stoop over and help you with the trunks or to make them sit down. Then, too, we often have information concerning suspicious characters telegraphed from the other side or obtain it from the stewardesa."

"We are very careful about making personal searches, "said the girl with the silver comb." Why, I should feel disgraced forever if I asked a lady for a personal search when it wasn't necessary."

"There isn't so much smuggling done now as there was," said the white-haired lady who had been long in the service. "They know there are twenty-one women in the service, and always on the wharves. In the old days there were only a few of us. We were not at the wharves unless specially ordered there. We didn't have our heads down in trunks all the time either. Oh, then the office was a sine-cure. Now it is get up at daybreak, get your meals whenever and wherever it happens, and all summer long to work until 7, 8, 10, 11 o'clock, and some of us have used our latch keys in the busy season at midnight, and that on Sundays as well as all days."

"Do you have no vacation in the warm weather?"

"No, indeed! That is the busiest time of all, but in winter we have every third day, and

"Do you have no vacation in the warm weather?"
"No, indeed! That is the busiest time of all, but in winter we have every third day, and sometimes every second day off. That keeps us in the city all the time, you see."
"And what is the saiary for all this?"
"\$1,095, almost \$1,100 you see, and it is very good pay. But we earn it all. If we are sick a day we have to send in a dector's certificate. The doctor's visit and certificate cost \$3, and that is exactly what we would earn if we worked the day, so it is an even thing, we lose the day anyway. Under the old regulations we were obliged to forfeit our wages for justifiable absence, but we are workers now you know." Here the busy woman was interrunted to settle the difficulty between an excited woman and an angry official. The former kept insisting that she would have a woman lock at her bangage and she wouldn't have a man rummaging over her things and sat on the edge of a trunk with her trays and open valless around her.

"Go and present your declarations to the man at the desk," shouted the official.
"I won't. I don't want a man poking over..."
"But you will if you have any one to look at "But you will if you have any one to look at your baggage."
"But I won't. I tell you. I want a woman. I

"You ought to have your whole infernal bundle of luggage sent to the storehouse. I tell you you've so to go to the desk."

"I won't if I sit here all night," and here a hig door opened have and turnbled a trans-"I won't if I sit bere all night, and here a big door opened bang, and tumbled a trunk tray upside down, and the woman was begin-ning to cry when an inspectrese came down the wharf, somehow managed to make her understand, helped her pick up her scattered property, and the man flow off by himself to

understand, helped her pick up her scattered property, and the man flew off by himself to swear.

A little girl in a long green cloak danced all round an inspectress in black, saying, "You mustn't charge duty on that doily—you mustn't—it is for my little cousin."

"Hush," whispered the inspectress, but the child kept up her howl, and the doily had to be unearthed and appraised just the same.

"Do you know what I do." said an inspectress afterward as they discussed the morning's work in the cutter on their return. "Why, when there's a child along I never see any doils. I could have overlooked this one if she had kept still, even though it was as large as the trunk."

"But it isn't right," said another, "to overlooke things, even if they ain't for sale. The duty is to protect the manufacturer, and if every one brought home a doil there wouldn't be so many sold here."

"But every one doesn't." smiled back the pretty girl, and the discussion ceased.

"I declare the richest people make the most fuse about the duties," said an inspectress who came up from a wrestle with a tall, dark-eyed woman biazing with diamonds, who was jawing because she had to pay duty on some table linen and towels.

"It is great business that I can't bring home a table cloth without a fuss," she scolded.

"Oh. but you can by paying the duty. Nobedy is making a fuss but yourself."

In the centre of the long wharf a bright-eyed inspectress was consoling a slim slip of a girl, an artist, who had some painted porcelain which she really didn't know was dutable, and upon which the appraiser had levied a duty of \$25.

On one side a poor woman was sitting wearly in the midst of a lot of household stuff, and

Of one side a poor woman was sitting wearity in the midst of a lot of household stuff, and the kind inspectives burried away to explain it to kind inspectives burried away to explain it to kind appraiser, who told her to pass it all. Billi was appraiser, who told her to pass it all. Billi was appraiser, who told her to pass it all. Billi was appraiser, who told her to pass it all. Billi was appraiser, and bundle was opened, the girl kindly that, and bundle was opened, the girl kindly that, and bundle was opened, the girl kindly that and bour before, when a rich woman insolenity ordered her to open some baggage she had folded her arms and refused to lift out a tray.

"There," said a black-eved inspectress, with some diamonds sparking in her earns as she laid a pink ticket down on the floor and spoat upon it squarely with practicall skill turned it over, and pounded it out on a trunk with her little white fist, "that isn't elegant, but it's handy. I hain't had any breakfast this morning, and the mucliage on those tickets is anything but appetizing. Licking the stamps is the worst part of the whole business. Some of the girls have a little piece of spongs, but it gets your gloves all wet, and this is good enough for me," and another ticket was smoothed out on the floor, stleky side up, and treated in the same manner.

Between II and 12 the baggage of the morning steamers had been examined, the girls flew out in all directions for breakfast or lunchen, or boarded the cruiter and steamed swiitly back to the Barge Office. Two rather small offices, with high wide windows, bright carpets, and comfortable furniture are assigned to them, and here they await orders for the next duty. The rooms have a cosey, homelike look that the touch of woman's fingers always gives. The tables are strewn with books, and very good books, too, and a pretty litter of feminine belongings. Here hats are thrown aside, book are picked up for reading out of little lockers; bright pieces of fancy work are unfolded, shiny thimbles are litted on s

am so giad to get back to America again! and, after she had kissed her mother and sister, she would keep going back and putting her arms around them like a little pleased child. She isn't as pretty as her sister, though. The minute the gangpiank swings on to the steamer's deck there is a rush of impetuous, excited people, men hurrying down to fall into the upraised arms of other men, hugging, and kissing, them as if they were women; bright-eyed French lassies, with jaunty, stylish drasses tipped up in the back, and with a dash of brilliancy in some unique place, undentably French, trip daintily and swiftly down; sallow-faced individuals, with brisk valets in attendance; a lissome maiden in a scarlet petticoat and brown redingote, with a curiy-haired dog decorated with the Frenchlest kind of a rosette tied in the curis on his forehead; a handsome dark-eyed man, who goes about and salutes the large group of expectant friends waiting on the dock by kissing them each, men and women alige, 5a both cheeks, and hardly waits to kiss them all around once before he commences the interesting ceremony again; and when the rush is ever, a beautiful, stately woman, with dark eyes glowing under sunny hair, comes slowly and gracefully down the plank, where Campanini waits to greet his prima donna with outstretched hands. In the midst of the din and clatter, the hubbub of shrill, rapid voices, the confusion of gesticulating hands, she is as calm and fair as when ahe waits during the prefude to her favorite aris before a hushed audience. A long plush cloak covers her to her feet, a round fur turban fits anugly down on her forehead and heightens the contrast between her fair skin and dark eyes. Campanini rushes around after the trunks, a tail, black-bearded man distributes concert tickets with a lavish hand, and she sits calmy on the top of her biggest trunk smiling at it all. A bright girl in a cardinal skirt and turban braided with black, looking as if she might, just have come from the heart of Paris on the Cunarder. In the pre

things over herself and then scold because they are topsy tury.

"If you'd let things alone I wouldn't tumble them over so," said the inspectress, as she straightened her bonnet, which the French bouncer had banged out of place. But she couldn't let them alone, of course, so the inspectress folded her arms calmiy and said quietly: "Now, when you get all through I'll look,"

"But there is nothing in my trunk, I tell you,"

quietly: "Now. when you get all through I'll look."

"But there is nothing in my trunk, I tell you."

"But there is nothing in my trunk, I tell you."

"Did anybody say there was? I have to look just the same, and she did look, unearthing a great host of dutiable boxes and budgets.

Much the same sort of scene is taking place on the pier when the big Bremen steamer is discharging its cargo of flaxen-haired passengers, only that the wharf is fragrant and bright with a profusion of flowers. No blossoms greet the eyes of the English or French travellers, but on the German wharves flower girs ply a brisk trade among the people waiting for expected friends. The greetings are hearty and emotional and the baggage exquisitely neat and beautifully packed. These big German women tremble at the sight of the inspectresses, who quickly reassure them with gentle words and pleasant manners. "The loveliest baggage I ever look over," said one. "is that of the second-class German passengers. It is so neat and clean, and such beautiful linen all woven and marked by the women themselves."

"You don't seize all dutiable goods you find

themselves."
"You don't seize all dutiable goods you find concealed?" Oh. no. I don't interpret the regulations to

signify that.

Many people really do not know that they have dutiable goods, and others are bringing home gifts and hate to pay the duties, but do so when we find the goods. We usually let these things pass, but the real smuggled goods, tied up in old duds, hidden away in trunks, tucked into their bustles, and all, we take in a hurry.

"Many ladies have an extra pocket made for carrying, their money and invels. Now we "Many ladies have an extra pocket made for carrying their money and jewels. Now, we don't selze these things, but when a woman has false bosoms stufied with diamonds, bustles filled with costly slik, is weighted down with satin, or has every other dress made of uncut cloth, why, we think it is time to interfere. The greatest find of all was two entire suits of men's clothes and an overcoat hung around a woman's waist."

"What did she do when you found them?"
"Cried of course, as women always do over

"Visit did sas do when you found them?"
Cried, of course, as women always do over
everything. Then there was one smart woman who had a cake of soap filled with diamonds and all done up in a wash cloth, but we
found it. She had diamonds all sewed as thick
as pins into the edge of her bonnet, too, very
cunningly, but Uncle Sammy got 'em all just
the same."

cunningly, but Uncle Sammy got 'em all just the same."

"How do you get your dinners when you are so late home nights?"

A genuine French shrug with uplifted shoulders and nonchalant face. "Oh, where we get our other meals, just where and when it happens, and we always have something at our rooms in case everything else fails."

"Doesn't it hurt your health to be so irregular about your food?"

"Oh, yes; but it is optional with us taking the places, and the Government doesn't propose to

deserve it all just ought to try aday, thirteen hours long, on the wharves with the mercury up to 90° in summer or the wind howling through the wharves in winter; try not having any Sunday or time to mend their clothea, eating their meals on the fly, and letting themselves in with latchkeys at midnight all alone when the day's work is done."

THE WHIMS OF PAIR WOMEN.

Woman who Knew How to Board Horse Car-Afternoons in the Dark-Hating a Beauty-A Besutiful and Mod-era Desdemonn-Actresses in the Street,

"Seeing that girl yonder getting on the street car," said a gentleman, "recalls some-thing that hasn't been printed. It happened in the days when Jake Sharp was bribing Comnon Councils and Legislatures, without punishment, and—did you notice that the girl, contrary to feminine custom, took hold of the forward rail when she got on the car? Usually women insist on grabbing the other rail, so that they have no hold that enables them to resist the motion of the car, and thus they are in danger of being thrown back upon the pavement. That is a curious illustration of wom an's insistance upon certain freaks of awkward-ness, and it is one of the worries of the street car people. Well, Jake Sharp was about to get aboard one of his own cars, when a girl stepped up before him. She had not signalled the driver, and the car was going at a fair speed. Jake thought there was going to be an accident, with possibly a suit for damages and a so out of his pocket. But the girl neatly seized easily, just like a little man, and took a seat in a corner. She was a shabbliy clad work girl. on her way home from some factory. Jake was moved by admiration of her exceptional feat. He sat down opposite her, took out his wallet, and handed her a \$5 bill. She was astonished, and for a moment indignant, but he explained that it was a reward for her excellence in getting on a street car, and she kept the money."

The particularly observed young women in Broadway now are palpably English. They have the big-boned build of the typical English girl, with broad shoulders and wide hips, connected by rather disproporticuately small waists, like the configuration of Mrs. Langtry. Most of them have her freshness of complexion. although it is not in many cases as free as hers from artificiality. They are handsome of face. but too robust to quite fill the American ideal of beauty. They wear conspicuously striped and checked ulsters, and the majority of their heads are surmounted by masculing actresses and chorus singers of the London burlesque company who began to berform here three days ago at the Standard Theatre. The young fellows who have for several years devoted themselves to the chorus girls of the Broadway theatres are disloyally and unpatriotically transferring their affections to these fair immigrants, and are fairly falling over each other in their haste to make acquaintance with them-a by no means difficult schievement, for the London minor actress is more approachable than her New York sister.

One of the guests at a reception given by matron in "our best society." was John W. Young, and the ladies present regarded him with a more peculiar interest than would have been excited by any other Young on earth, be-

with a more peculiar interest than would have been excited by any other Young on earth, because he was a Mormon and a son of Brigham Young. He was a pority and distinctly handsome man. He wore rigorously fashionable clothes, which for that evening occasion meant a swallowtail coat, a very low-out vest, and rather loose trousers. His manners were elegantly polite. It was a fact known to not a few of the guests that one gentleman present had been divorced from two wives and was living with the third; that one of the lailes had two husbands living, and that other matrimonial irregularities were flustrated in that swell assemblage; but Mr. Young was paramount in curiosity, because he was a professed and practical poligamist.

"Pardon the question, Mr. Young," one uncontrollably inquisitive girl inquired, "but how many wives have you?

"Only one." he caimly replied. Then, seeing an expression of disappointment and incredulity upon the fair face of the saucy querist, ho added, good naturedly: "That is the truth. I have only one wife. But I have had three at a time. I did not follow my father's example, for he had twenty-five legal wives—or legal as we Mormons regarded it. But I was then a believer in the religious doctrine of polygamy, and I practised it to the extent of taking three wives. One of these died, and from a second I was formally divorced, leaving me tow the husband only of the third. I shall never marry again. Is that all you would like to know?"

Something new and readable can be added to that. When the present wife was wedded at Salt Lake City to Mr. Young they went on a short bridal tour, and at the end of a week returned to his residence. He had told her that his two previous wives acquiesced in his marriage to a third, although he had told them frankly that this was a gonuine love affair; but upon her arrival at home, though wife No. 2 greeted her in a kindly manner. No. 1 declined to kiss her. The husband asserted his authority and commanded peace, but he was not obeyed, and therefore No. I quickly

deature of the modern afternoon party. A couple of candles and a shaded lamp just serve to make darkness visible, and friends grope about in the shadows, and greet one another as best they may. All dresses look alike in the gloom, and new ones are simply wasted. Flirtations thrive under these conditions, and "sweet sevent-on" can carry on long conversations with Capt. Detrimental within the immediate vicinity of her near-sighted mamma. Scandal, on the other hand, becomes doubly dangerous, and one dare not speak about one's neighbor for fear he may be hear in the gloom. There can be no reason for this hue of darkness, unless complexions are gotting worse.

Doubtless our New York belies will continue to be illumined. Although those with sufficient money and time have very generally cultivated enough art in dress to choose their own wear, there are many who leave it all to professional designers, and it is remarkable how nearly some of these experts come to transforming ugly patrons into pretty ones. Fine feathers do not make line birds? Yes, they do, when the birds are human and the leathers are clothes. N. L. Thieblin, the journalist who has just died, was noted for his chiralrous admiration of women. He had travelled the world over, mixed in all sorts of society, and faucied that his judgment of women was utterly cool and unimpassioned. He joeosely practised what he called a system of estimate, by means of which he would compute the Kood and bad features of a face, figure up a balance, and by it rate the woman as a number one beauty, or number two, and so on down to a hundred. The last figure really meant downright ugliness, but the gallant and jocose Thieblin would not admit that such a thing existed. Women were all lovely in some degree or other. But his system was not proof against art in dress. One night he was at a swall ball, and his attention was called to a young débutante. She was unbecomingly dressed, Every woman in the hall could see it at a glance. But Thieblin dinn't, and he rated her, in ruply to

wouldn't do. Bo this Designous not only discards a cap, as do most of the women of the present day, but she doesn't twist her hair snugly, according to present usage, leaving it instead as neatly arranged as though for a party. Her night gown not only is unlike the bulky garment of the Othello period, but it is even an idealigation of the bed robe of 1888, for it is nicely fitted in at the waist and is more like a day-time house dress than something to sleep in. But all of this is exquisitely sightly, Othello is a barbarian indeed to fiendishly choke such an admirable creature. But he does it, and her kicks and squirms make a tumultuous surface of the satin quilt. On the night of my own close observation she wriggled so violently as to disclose the corner of an ordinary nineteenth century mattress.

Century mattress.

In the way of advertising, a new device has been hit upon by one of our large dry goods firms. At a small, but conspicuous, stand in the store a neat girl sells postal cards and stamped sheets of paper at less than the face value of the stamps. The postal card is only three-quarters of a cent, and a large sheet of writing paper, made so as to enclose itself by folding, with a two-cent stamp in the corner, is only a cent and a half. These are sold in as small quantities as desired, provided only that the fractional prices multiply into even cents. How does the seller get a recompense? By printing announcements of his goods, with notices of particular bargains and special inducements across the edges of the cards and sheets. By this means he circulates his advertisements at a low cost. I asked him if it paid.

"Not directly," he answered. "It attracts momentary attention, sets customers to talking, and is therefore worth doing for a little while; but the only advertising that proves solidly advantageous is that which is done in newspapers of large circulation. We have tried everything, and we have found that advertising in good journals invariably pays, while these odd devices are only of transient worth."

Inspector Byrnes says that it takes a woman

Inspector Byrnes says that it takes a woman to beat a man at his own sort of game, and to sustain this view he tells how Jennie McLean has robbed a man of \$1,300. "Tim Oates is one of the smartest of our professional sporting men." so Byrnes tells, "and he ought to know all that is knowable about New York crockedness. Here is his picture in our rogues album. You can see that he is a good-looking fellow, and of late he has been wearing fashionable clothes that have turned him into a veritable Broadway dandy. He has served a term in prison for burglary, but on getting out again he set up as a more intellectual marauder. That is, he became a confidence operator. Jennie McLean was a very pretty girl, with a fair education in a book way, and an excellent one in practical roguery. She has been a thief since her childhood, but has never been punished. On the contrary, she has lived in considerable luxury, and in the streets, at the theatres, and elsewhere in throngs of women, she has looked like the very best of them. Well, about two years ago Oates worked a swindle in which he figured as an employer of tutors for schools in other cities. He would advertise for young women to take these places and fool them out of a deposit of money. One of the applicants, however, was exceptional. She was none other than Jennie McLean, and instead of leaving a boodle with Oates, she actually induced him to lend her \$150 more. He was so filled with admiration by her exploit that he invited her to join him in business. What freshens up the case just now is the fact that we have them under arrest for robbing Allein M. Burton, as fly a sporting man as the city contains. Jennie flirted with him in Broadway, and he mistook her for a mischievous daughter of some swell family. She coyly repelled his advances for a restaurant, and thence she adroitly led him into a familiar trap. What was it? The police call it the badyer game, Burton was in a room with Jennie. Tim Oates broke in with a tromendous pretence of wrath, declared himself to be the mitted the mashing sport to escape with his life. It was not until Burton looked into his wallet for the \$1.300 that had been there that he realized the truth. Jennie had emptied his tressury before getting rid of him. So I say that it takes a woman to beat a man on his own ground."

GOOD PLACES FOR THE GIRLS.

Humane Brooklyn Women.

An organization of ladies in Brooklyn

known as the Woman's Club, who were asso-

ciated together for the purpose of literary research and advancement, determined, in 1871, to devote themselves as a society to the practical amelioration of some of the social conditions which for some time had been agitating their investigation and discussion. Following the suggestion of a bright woman teacher in one of the city schools, who had endeavoyed to should satisfy the requirements of a cultured lar about your food?"

Oh, yes; but it is optional with us taking the places, and the Government doesn't propose to pay our doctors' bills when we are sick or pension us off when we are decrepit. Well, we are inclover, now, under the present management, and we hate to think that the whole lot of us may have go out in the spring. We had a woman Superintendent at first. Gracious; but we asked for a change, and now we are as happy as can be under the Captain. They say happy as can be under the Captain. They say it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and you can find samples of them all right here in the Barge Office—all kinds of women you ever heard of. Some of them are very wise and speak in various tongues; there hours every night; some are musical, some have travelled and been ladies of leisure: one of us goes to college there have travelled and been ladies are sad, but we will like the money; that's what we work for, and we intend to earn it fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do fairly and any one who doesn't think we do fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do and shows, and greet one another as those and college of candles and a shaded lamp just serve to make darkness visible, and friends grope and the rent. Finding the property they had the fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do and the fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do and as haded lamp just serve to make darkness visible, and friends grope and the rent. Year the fairly, and any one who doesn't think we do and shaded lamp just serve to make darkness visible, and friends grope and the rent. Finding the property they had to the fairly and any one who doesn't think we do and shaded and pour late and readable dark on the make the present management. Sait Lake City to a weak the edit of a week reath the first of a its comforts, and had falled to find any place and dollars by voluntary subscription, organ-ized themselves into an incorporated body unsing the summer or the wind newly strong his present surround the surr der the name of the Business Woman's Home. that they might transact business and hold property, and also incorporating in their soci-ety new members of affluence interested in

in operation eight years, and has twenty-six boarders. The assurance that only four more people can be accommodated in the house, and that several of the girls have boarded there four or five years, is perhaps the only commendation needed for this very practical enterprise.

"Please don't call it a charity. My girls don't like that," said the pleasant-faced matron in charge, "And they don't like to call it a home, either, but rather a society of working girls, for they work hard, and if they were paid by their employers the amount they really earn they would gladly relieve the ladies of even the rent. They object to being talked about in the papers, anyway; but we have nice times here, and occasionally give very pleasant entertainments of reading, rectifing, playing, and singing. The girls are bright, and really do very oreditable work."

NEW YORK GIRLS.

They All Have a Way of Their Own, but there Are Several Varieties, At the horse show the other night I chanced to sit beside a peculiar sort of a girl. Her type was indigenous. In everything she

smacked of New York. She fitted into her crevice in the town with an affectionate snugness that could only be rivalled by the oozing mud about the bare foot of a boy on the changed the fashion of her hair that evening. How do I know it?

She told me and every one else in earshot,

though her audience was strange to her. "I grew dreadfully uneasy," she announced to her sister, who had been waiting for her in the box, as she tossed off her wraps and sank Inspector Byrnes says that it takes a woman into her chair. "Had a ghastly premonition of queerness, you know."

"Yes, really," replied the belle, as she leaned back in her chair. "Funny, wasn't it? Worried me, and I went back and did it."

"Dressed my hair à la Hading. Do you like it? Haven't quite the knack yet-so hurried, dearle." Her little hands wandered up over her hair, which fell in a big and careless loop down below her collar behind, "What do you think of it?"

" It looks like the pony's tail when the groom has twisted it up so as to curry his legs."

The older girl stared at her sister with an air of bland commiseration for a long time, and

"Poor dear! You've evidently been waiting all alone here with auntle. Haven't any men called on you yet? It's very provoking. I know.' "Hold your tongue, Agnes," said the aunt, sharply. "You are an hour late, and ought to be amiable instead of snappy. You have not asked my opinion, but, if you want to know, your hair is a sight."

The late comer looked at her aunt with calm and placid impudence, then showed a set of

The late comer looked at her aunt with calm and placid impudence, then showed a set of dazzling teeth, kissed the tip of her fingers to the other ladies, and said: "I am so glad I came; but my hair is all right, and it is better to be right than early."

If the young men had been scarce up to that time they made up for it in the alacrity with which they now hurried to the box in which the young beauty was seated. Her idle chat about the fashion of dressing her hair was interesting because indicative of the spirit which pervades all the girls of her kind. They must be up to the prevailing mode, and their proper mode is set in New York. They are Anglomaniaes in that they affect the accent of British stable boys and kitchen maids at times, but everything else about them is essentially of the town in which they live. The girl in question wore a cloth gown, that was not made by any English tallor, but by the crack American rival of Redfern, who has a shop on Fifth avenue, and who has a knack of making gowns that look as if their wearers had been melted and poured into them. Her boots were exceedingly small, and were a combination of the French and English make, which our own bootmakers affect—that is, with a toe fashioned after the French fashion, but the heel lower and not half so small as the prevailing mode in France. She wore gloves of undressed kid, and a small turban rested upon the top of her well-modelled head.

All this is commonplace description enough, and it can give no idea of the sauchess and chic of the young woman. Her figure had that peculiarly firm and sound look which comes of much horseback riding. The flesh was clear and white, and her eye had the sparkle of perfect health. An old gentleman dozed in one corner of the box, the aunt sat in the other corner, the younger sister next to the aunt, and in the middle was the radiant young beauty. I regret to say that her voice was harsh and loud. She talked incossantly Every two minutes the man who was leaning over her shoulder would give way to another

"Ya-as, at-sun-very
"Whah?"
"Wash."
"Ya-as, Ab-sull-oot-ly. Got a hoss heah."
"Ya-as, Ab-sull-oot-ly. Got a hoss heah."
"Have you? So've I."
"Mine's acob, y' know; gray, beauty, ab-sull-oot-ly." Mr. Chumley-Perpers waited after this for a breather, changed his glass to his other eyo, and joined the belle in waving a greeting to a lot of new arrivals. Then be drew breath and said, with intense labor: "You-got-heas-heah!"

he'ss-heah?" My sorrel hun'er Lawd Kitter-Trawther. My sorrel hun'er Lawd Kitter-lorn's entawed joh th' jumpin' prize."
"Demme, there's Bertie Winkleton—must see him." gasped Mr. Chumley-Peppers, signalling a fac-simile down near the track. "Must see

"Demme, there's Bertie Winkleton—must see him," gasped Mr. Chumley-l'eppers, signalling a fac-simile down near the track. "Must see him," gasped Mr. Chumley-l'eppers, signalling a fac-simile down near the track. "Must see him," "Ab-sull-oot-ly."

A hasty shake of the hand, and he rushed away, while another of his species hurried up. There was a continual repetition of this sort of thing. I did not wish to play eavesdropper, but the people talked so loudly in the place that all the surrounding public was taken into their confidence.

In the box with me was a German who was seeing New York for the first time, and studying the fashion of the people after the thoughtful manner of Teutonic philosophers. He had been listening with an air of grave and judicial attention to the beauty in the right-hand box, when there was a rush and rustle next door, and two young girls and a man strolled into the box on the other side of us. They were as different from the girl on the right as it is possible to imagine, and yet they were all New York girls. The new comers were not in the best society, though doubtless they were people of some social pretensions. They might have been daughters of rich people who had not had any social advantance-or, permans, they were simply boarding-house girls, whose fathers were making money. They were not related, and called each other "Miss" with great precision. Probably they had just met, for, as far as my own knowledge is concerned, this sort of girl is quick to call another endearing names when once the ice is broken. They were perfectly dressed. That was natural enough, because they were both Americans.

After he had looked at them for some time, and sortly, "I believe that nowhere in the Old World could you match them. Pretty girls here in gas a first manifecent looking creatures!" he said softly, "I believe that nowhere in the Old World could you match them. Pretty girls here is something.

Before I could explain what this something was, if I really knew it, the younger of the girls not der

Cable's Vegetarian Cat.

From the Litchsteld Enquirer.

From the Litchfield Enquirer.

E. J. Cable has a cat which is really remarkable. His fur is sable blacker than the blackest midnight, and he is the only vegetarian cat we ever knew. When any of the family are jeeling potatoes he "cuts up" at a great rate until he is fed some raw potatoes. He usually eats from one to three. He also cats apples, but his ravorite dish is muskmelon. If a muskmelon is brought into the house secretiy, he will know it as quickly as most cats would if it were raw beef. He will jump up, mew, and run around after a piece of it, and act as wildly over it as most cats do over mice.

STORIES OF A TOUGH TOWN.

FOR DOWNRIGHT CURSEDNESS AND

COLD KILLING IT HAD NO EQUAL.

If Was Newton, Kan., Now an Orierly and Becent City-The Bad Name It Attained in Six Weeks as a Railroad Ferminus. From the Omaha Beraid,

Nobody ever knew of a toughe town than Newton, kan, was in the early dest of its existence. Notody knews of a toughe town than Newton, kan, was in the early dest of its existence. Notody knews of a pre lovely or more peaceable city than that sake place is today. In the apring of 1871 the triminus of the Santa Fe Railroad was at Empais. It was determined to build to a point swenty-five nires turther west. The object was to catch the Texas cattle trade. On the isth of April, 1871, the writer reached the banks of Sand Creek. Two men were found camed there. There was not a foot of lumber in what is now Harver county. Kansas. These men were the pioneers of the town that Qpt. John Sebastian atterward named Newton.

Bix weeks later there was a population of nearly two thousand. The history of the town for its first eight months is a story of lawlessness and blood that has lever been equalled on this continent. Other places, mining camps and cattle towns, have legt up the music of the pistol a greater lengti of time, but for downright cussedness and cold killing Newton wears the beit. As such as it became known that Newton was to be fine and of the railroad for a year, and that it was to be a cattle shipping point, whiskey sellers, gamblers, and theres flocked ther by hundreds. Of course many respectable Ann. seeking legitimate business went their too, but the great me-

many respectable seen, seeking legitimate business, went they, too, but the great majority of the newcopers were dangerous.

They migrated three for the purpose of the purpose of the seed of the three owners are to the seed of the three three in the season of the seed of the purpose of the purpose of the seed of the seed of the purpose of the seed of the

his robberies, among Aners a prominent merchant. Mike did not ike any interference with his business, and one morning he loaded himself a little fuller thajusual with his vile whiskey and started out of oa little slaughtering. The merchant was sught, but happened to be ont of his store. Sike went up the street terrorizing everylydy and walked into a salcon. There he sw the city's police Judge. George Halliday, and without the slightest provocation or sword of warning he shot him through the heart. The marshal, Jack Johnson, had hen advised that Mike was out on a raid and had started to capture him. Seeing Mice coming out of the salcon. Johnson took afect for his Winchester rife on the well curb had shot him down. This was Newton's last filling. In an hour afterward the clitzens ha formed a league and the suspicious characters were notified to leave. They left. Only a swincidents are mentioned; only a few of the shootings detailed. Tom Carson, a nephew ofold Kit Carson, was sent for and came to tals the marshalship of the town. He stayed thre weeks. The foughs had it in for him, and a save his life he skipped. "Wild Bill" (J. H Hickox) tried to be marshal. He couldn't of it. Marshal King was killed in the discharg of his duties, and altogether it was the tougest town on record.

The pixon who sees the lovely city to-day, the cohiy seat of one of the best counties (Harve) in the State, with its business, its opera houses. Its street cars gas and waterworks and talks with its law-abiding and wide-awaid citizens. little dreams of the scenes of blood witnessed in its infancy.

MORE THAN A CENTURY OF LIFE Squething About the Centenarians Now Living in France.

A paper was recently read before the French Academy of Sciences by M. Emile Layasseur on the "Centenarians Now Living in France. The first reports collected gave the number of persons who had attained 100 years and upward at 184, but on these being thoroughly sifted no less than 101 were struck out leaving 83, but even of fless there were no fewer than 67 who could not furnish adequate proof of their reputed age. In 16 cases, however, 65 thente records of birth or baptism were found, including that of a man born in Spain and labitized Aug. 20, 1770. His life was spent almost wholly in France. All the other centenarans were reputed to be between 100 and its sears of age, with the exception of a widow cianing to be 112 years old.

Of the 83 persons said to be centenarians women fermed a large majority, the proportion being 57 women to 31 men. There was buffew married couples, 6 male and femile cellbates, 28 widowers, and 41 widows. One of the latter yas Mme. Rostkowski, 103 year of age. She enjoys a pension of 60 francs a month, allowed her by the French Governmen, in consideration of her late husband's military services. More centenarians exist in he southwestern departments than in the res of the ropubile, while the basin of the Gagnne, from the Fyrences to the Puy de Lome, ontains as many as all the rest in France put tygether. M. Layasseur finds that the chances of a person in this century reaching 100 yeas of age are one in 18,800. From Nature.

121 Years Old and Fond of he Circus.

From the Lebanon star and.

Marion county may properly claim the oldest living Kentuckian in the person of Aunt Till Ruley, of color, aged 12 years. She recently walked from her hone in Raywisk to Lebanon and back again—wenty-eight miles—the same day in order to atend a circus.

Written by abpider.

There's a love-sick sider out on Cedar street. He is a great by fat fellow of a greenish yellow color, and he built a nest tetween a small china tree and he fence.

The spider is eviderily in love with some married woman, and considering his case hopeless, he employ his time in writing her name across his web.

About fifty people have called at his house this morning and red the writing on his web. Looking at the feb from one direction, it reads very plainly hirs. V. W. W., and viewing it from the other die you have W. W. V.

The spider needs oblivious to the presence of strangers, and is still working on the name.